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REWARDS OF PATRIOTISM.

On the 6th of March last, the ship's boats of the *David Stuart* landed sixty-six individuals in Queenstown, whose arrival, though destined to excite general interest throughout Europe, and carry terror to the craven heart of Ferdinand II., did not at first create much sensation in that neighbourhood. The free-trade system has made such sounds and sights as foreign costumes and alien tongues too familiar in that thriving seaport to draw more than a passing remark from the loungers who throng its beach. But, on a closer inspection, there appeared such a striking contrast between their scanty garments and the air of innate nobility which external disadvantages could not disguise—between the unhealthy pallor of their sunken cheeks and the rapturous energy with which they actually kissed the oozy strand, and gazed delightedly on the commonest objects round them—that it could scarcely be disregarded. Apathy gave way to curiosity, which, again, warmed into enthusiasm, when it became known that these were the Neapolitan exiles who had escaped from the execrable tyranny of King Bomba, after years of such sufferings as humanity shudders to recall. They were no vulgar malefactors, whose crimes excite too much disgust in our breast to leave room for any pity for their misfortunes; they had not in any way violated the laws of society; there was not a stain upon their honour, or a crime on their conscience. The head and front of their offending was that they were too patriotic and independent to submit patiently to the galling thraldom in which the kingdom of the Two Sicilies has for years been held. They murmured at the ruinous policy of King Ferdinand in discouraging arts and manufactures, withholding education, and doing everything in his power to brutalise the nature of his subjects, in order that they might be the better fitted to wear the heavy yoke he wished to impose upon them; and, worst of all, they asked for a representative government, to check the daily encroachments of an arbitrary despot. It would require more space than our present limits could afford, to detail the various struggles which preceded the final catastrophe; what concessions were made to fear, and withdrawn when the threatening storm had passed over; how many fair promises were made, and how shamelessly they were broken. Suffice to say, they were brought to a mock-trial before corrupt judges; and on the perjured evidence of suborned witnesses, were condemned, some to death, some to the 'Ergastolo,' which involves imprisonment for life; and others to

various terms of imprisonment, varying from fifteen to thirty years.

Amongst the persons thus condemned there were a few of the lower class; but the majority were men of birth and education, of refined tastes and intellectual pursuits, which made them all the more sensitive to the insults heaped upon them. Grosser natures would have been insensible to many of the indignities which the refined cruelty of one who knew not the name of mercy compelled them to endure. Their being for many years restricted from seeing or writing to their families, and the deprivation of books, paper, or writing materials of any kind, appear to have been more keenly felt than any of their physical sufferings. If a particle of paper or a fragment of a pen was discovered in their dungeon, it was made the excuse for harsher treatment, or the justification of severe punishment, in the invention of which their jailers displayed malignant ingenuity. One of them, called the *puntale*, consisted of a stake driven into the ground, to which the unhappy victim was fastened round the ankle by a heavy chain, weighing twenty-five pounds. It was long enough to allow him to move a little, like a wild beast in a cage; but the intolerable weight of the chain and the fetters eating into the flesh, soon rendered movement too painful to be voluntarily attempted. Another diabolical device was linking the right foot of one prisoner to the left foot of another by a heavy chain, so short as only to allow of their taking steps of a few inches at a time. The victims of this enforced companionship say they did not suffer so much from anything as from the constant worry of being obliged to suit every movement and change of posture to the will of another; it being, of course, impossible for either to sit, stand, or walk, unless both moved exactly in concert. If one of them became ill, the other had only the choice of remaining in bed, or lying alongside of it; and in order to make the punishment greater, they invariably linked political offenders to assassins or thieves.

During the earlier part of their imprisonment, they were confined in the dungeons of Ischia, Procida, Nisida, and San Stephano, islands in the beautiful Bay of Naples—dark, foul dens, most of them below the level of the sea, dripping with slimy moisture, and fetid from stagnant air and noxious exhalations.

These miserable cells being considered too luxurious by their vindictive sovereign, some fifty of the most illustrious prisoners were, without any previous warning, collected together in a steamer, manacled and handcuffed, and then thrown into the arsenal at Naples. After remaining there for one night, they were sent on to Montefusco, a stronghold of the

Neapolitan government, situated in a desolate part of the country, about forty miles east of Naples. It had been for ages reserved exclusively for bandits and felons convicted of the most heinous crimes, none of whom left its gloomy walls except to undergo the extreme penalty of their guilt. So fearful was its reputation, that the Provincial Council, moved for once by something like pity, had some years previously published an edict, directing its discontinuance as a place of confinement. It was, however, deemed good enough for these state-prisoners, among whom were the Baron Poerio, the Duke di Caballino, and many other illustrious names. Here all their previous sufferings were aggravated tenfold. The chains with which they were loaded during their removal were still retained; they slept on the bare earth, in damp rooms, whose windows, supplied with iron gratings instead of glass, allowed the chill night-air to numbs their shivering frames. They were clothed in the prison-dress commonly supplied to felons, which was never changed until it actually fell to pieces. They were surrounded by spies and sbirri, who were applauded in proportion to their harshness to the unlucky prisoners intrusted to their charge, and instantly punished or dismissed for giving them a word of kindness or look of sympathy. A priest who gave them his blessing through a grating, was immediately seized, and banished to a distant province, where he still remains under the surveillance of the police.

When at length permitted to write to their families, they were only allowed to do so at stated intervals, a few at a time, and to confine themselves to the most ordinary topics, both letters and answers being invariably left unsealed, and read before delivery. After remaining at Montefusco over three years, it was considered that the number was dangerously large, or, possibly, that separating those who had been so long companions in misfortune would fill to overflowing the bitter cup they were forced to drain. They were accordingly divided, and a portion sent off to Monte-Sarchio, where a dungeon had been expressly fitted up for them in the middle of a ruined fortress. Here they fared little better—the same system of espionage and coercion being continued, of which some idea may be formed from the fact, that thirty prisoners, placed in five different rooms, were, in addition to turnkeys and police, guarded night and day by seven sentries. During six hours of each day they were allowed to take such limited exercise as the prison-yard afforded; but during the remaining eighteen, the door was never allowed to be opened on any pretext whatsoever. Nothing was visible from the closely barred windows except a patch of sky and the tops of some distant mountains. Without, there was nothing that could divert their attention from their own unhappy lot; and within, they were not allowed any of those resources which might assist in passing the time. As if to mark Heaven's displeasure against those accursed walls, Monte-Sarchio was struck by lightning in 1857, and a second time greatly injured by a violent shock of an earthquake in March 1858. But on neither occasion did their jailers relax their severity for a moment, or treat with common humanity the unhappy prisoners, whose helpless position greatly increased the horrors of their situation.

When allowed to see their friends, it was contrived in such a manner as to become the means of inflicting fresh insults; they were not permitted to approach nearer to each other than two grated openings some fifteen feet apart, the passage between which was filled with turnkeys and police, who did not content themselves with turning into ridicule the sacred interchanges of family confidence, and making sport of the emotion naturally manifested, but who stopped the conversation the moment it passed the limit of the commonplaces which they thought fit to prescribe, and either terminated the interview abruptly, or obliged them to confine themselves to the most ordinary topics. There could be little pleasure in meetings such as these, particularly when they were made the occasion of punishment not only to the prisoners themselves, but also to the friends who visited them, the slightest infringement of the arbitrary code of rules by either party being made a pretext for severe punishment.

Many of the anecdotes related by the exiles are tinged with the romantic colouring of their own minds, and shew, in an uneventful life where 'to-day is as to-morrow,' how fondly the mind dwells upon the most trifling incident which presents itself to break the intolerable monotony of existence. Here is one of them, in the words of a noble exile, whose winning manners and cultivated mind have gained for him many friends in this country: 'A nightingale, as if on a mission from nature, apparently feeling for our sorrows and solitude, used to come to the boughs of a mulberry tree, and with his plaintive song express our griefs, so that he became our friend, the friend of our very hearts: we used to throng to the prison bars to listen to, and treasure his loving plaint. Ah! fond fool, he with his tender ditty awakened suspicions among the police that we had communication with the outer world, a blessing indeed which they trusted had ended for us. They shouted with their voices, and hurled sticks, but in the evenings the little nightingale came again and again with his song of solace to us; and his sympathy for patriotism brought his doom—he was shot.'

The prisoners left behind at that place, worthy of its dismal name—Montefusco (gloomy mountain)—were attacked with cholera and typhus fever, when common care and medical assistance being purposely withheld, most of the cases terminated fatally, to the undisguised satisfaction of the tyrant. As they were not chained two and two in this place, it was the custom to remove each patient to a place called the Hospital, where the sufferer was placed on a filthy bed; and to prevent the possibility of escape, and lessen the small chance of recovery, a chain, attached to a staple driven into the floor at the foot of the wretched pallet, was fastened round the ankle in such a manner as to render it impossible for the patient to relieve the restlessness of illness by any change of posture. This refinement of cruelty was only once relaxed in the case of a distinguished member of the medical profession, formerly professor of medicine in the university at Naples, whose unrepining fortitude and amiable disposition won upon the stern nature of his jailers.

As, however, it was necessary to report the most trifling matter to government, an account of this piece of leniency was transmitted in due course. The

savage answer returned was to the effect: 'If he is dead, so much the better; if not, replace the chain.' When the order arrived, the sufferer was so much prostrated by sickness, that any attempt at escape was out of the question; nevertheless, the brutal mandate was instantly obeyed, and the fetters riveted on actually whilst the priest was at his side administering the last rites of his church to the dying. Much to the surprise of all, the patient survived this unparalleled martyrdom; and by the interposition of a merciful Providence, recovered, to become a free man, and to stir many a heart with indignation for his wrongs, and sympathy with sufferings so patiently borne.

This gentleman, with two others, was placed in confinement two years before the rest of his compatriots, having thus been altogether twelve years in prison. Probably the prison regulations were at this time less stringent than they afterwards became; at all events, his little girl, a young heroine of six years old, who preferred any hardship to separation from her father, accompanied him to prison, and remained there a voluntary captive for four months, her infantile grace and tender affection forming a strange contrast to the harsh and forbidding aspect of everything around her. But the happiness of such companionship was considered too great for a political offender, even if fatherly affection had not shrunk from permitting such sacrifice, and parent and daughter were separated. He was not permitted to see her afterwards, except on the shore, at some distance from the ship before leaving; but an amateur-artist took a good likeness of her; and though the father was not permitted to see the original, no objection was made to his keeping the picture, which was his constant companion during the long and weary years of captivity which succeeded. So carefully did he keep it, that when liberty came at last, and found him in a deplorably destitute condition, a ragged blouse doing duty for coat, waistcoat, and shirt, the cherished portrait was preserved in safety, and brought to this country, where the simple narrative attached to it has kindled into enthusiasm many a phlegmatic British heart.

In the island of Sicily, matters have been, if possible, worse. The horrors committed at the siege of Messina and Palermo have gained an unhappy celebrity throughout Europe, and earned for King Ferdinand the sobriquet of Bomba. The insurrection of 1848, which convulsed the whole of Italy, extended itself to Sicily also, where it was speedily suppressed, but not without terrible carnage on both sides. Martial law was proclaimed throughout the island, and for several years afterwards executions were of daily occurrence. The form even of a trial was not considered necessary; the suspected persons were thrown into the prisons of Palermo, and kept there year after year without any definite charge being brought against them. If brought out, the only alternative they had to expect was to be dressed in black sacks, with bare feet, veiled faces, their hands tied behind their backs, and a placard attached to their breasts, on which was written, 'L'uomo empio.' Thus attired, and escorted by large bodies of troops, the prisoners were paraded through the principal streets of the city until they arrived at the Piazza della Fiera Vecchia, or other place selected for the bloody deed. They were then placed in a convenient position, the veils lifted from their faces, to allow of their being identified, a few formalities hastily gone through, and then a firing-party of the Swiss guards stepped out from the ranks, who were generally too impatient to allow the prisoners to finish their farewell speech to the assembled throng, before their bullets completed the last act of the dreadful tragedy. The slightest suspicions were con-

sidered a sufficient ground for this capital punishment in its most ignominious form. The discovery of a dagger in the house, or the possession of a cartridge, was punished with death. If the obnoxious individual was too cautious to give any pretence for even the slightest charge, the clumsy device was resorted to of throwing in a pistol or stiletto through an open casement, and then sending a party of police to search the house, which was thus convicted of violating the law which forbade the Sicilians to bear arms of any description.

Besides the numbers thus publicly executed, hundreds of others perished by the slow poison of foul air and long confinement, as well as the want of medical aid during the prevalence of any infectious disease. We find it stated on unquestionable authority, that when the cholera broke out a few years ago, no less than 243 state-prisoners perished from its effects in the neighbourhood of Naples alone. The same fate still threatens hundreds more, who are now languishing in the foul and noisome dungeons so plentiful in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The sixty-six individuals above mentioned form but a small portion of those who have suffered for their political opinions; and even of those restored to liberty, many will carry to their grave the tokens of their long captivity in shattered constitutions and premature old age. The sight of some is impaired from remaining so long in darkened rooms; the limbs of others are crippled from want of exercise, or from corroding fetters which have eaten into the flesh: one or two have been in prison for twenty years, and none for a less period than ten. To some, the boon of liberty came too late; they were too much enfeebled by long suffering to bear a sea-voyage, and had to be carried back from the ship. Some people have the unlucky art of conferring a favour in such a manner as to convert it into a fresh source of wrong. The commutation of the sentences of these political prisoners into banishment for life, was wrung from the fears, and not from the clemency of King Ferdinand. If anything was wanting to shew the revengeful malignity of his disposition, it will be found in the fact, that of the ninety-one individuals whose names are included in the decree of perpetual banishment, several had gone to their long homes eight years before it was passed.

How often, as we read of the atrocities committed by the Inquisition, or see the path worn by the prisoners' feet in the hard floor of the Piombi at Venice, whilst we shudder at the tortures of Dante's Ugolino, or sympathise with the imaginary sufferings of the Prisoner of Chillon, have we complacently thanked Heaven that such horrors have long since ceased to exist! Our readers, however, may rest assured that if the secrets of every prison-house could be revealed, all past atrocities would sink into insignificance compared with those which have been lately enacted in Naples; and that, so far from exaggerating any of the above statements, we have purposely kept back others which are too shocking for publication, and too far beyond all common experience to find general belief.

The manner of the final escape of these poor fellows was as romantic as the rest of their story, but far more agreeable. 'At Cadiz, the vessel in which they were sailing, bound for America, was joined by a young man, Raffaello Settembrini, a son of the patriot, one of the exiles. He signed articles as a seaman, and kept his incognito. When the *Stromboli* departed, the exiles went to the captain and demanded to be carried to England. He refused: his guarantee would be forfeited. The exiles insisted, produced Raffaello Settembrini, attired in the uniform of the Galway packet-ships, declared they had a navigator of their own, and practically took possession of the

ship. The captain turned her stem towards England; the exiles set a watch upon the compass to see that he kept her head true; and after a voyage of fourteen days, the *David Stuart* anchored in Cork Harbour.'

AN INDISPENSABLE PLAGUE OF LIFE.

Of all the over-worked, under-paid daughters of toil, none perhaps deserve more of our sympathy, or receive less, than that domestic drudge, the maid-of-all-work. Early and late she is always at it, with no prospective reward to stimulate exertion, but, on the contrary, a positive certainty that, let her work and save as she may, she will never be able to realise a sufficiency to support her in her old age. Her life a series of changes from one kitchen to another—never knowing what it is to feel that she has a permanent home—and but rarely having the sympathies of the household sufficiently on her side, to awaken in her the slightest feelings of interest or attachment in return. Then, again, how her services are often undervalued; and upon what frivolous and unjust grounds she 'has notice,' and when she leaves the house with her trunk—which, perhaps, has been secretly rummaged by her mistress, to see that all is right—what criminal indifference is often manifested as to where she goes or what becomes of her; her destination being too often some cheap lodging-house, where the little balance of wages paid to her at leaving is soon exhausted; and exposed as she is to every temptation, she is glad to take the first situation that presents itself, no matter how uncongenial, where she will probably remain until some 'words' with her mistress necessitate another move, with the same attendant circumstances.

I do not pretend to say that all are alike, either as regards mistresses or servants; but that this picture of many a household is a true one, who would deny that has had to listen to the weary dissertations so constantly indulged in whenever two or more matrons get together? They will tell you that 'the servants of the present day are not the servants of former years,' 'that now they must have this, that, and the other,' and, moreover, 'that nothing is good enough for them,' with very much more of a similar description.

A lady of my acquaintance applied for a servant at a register-office, and the conversation turning upon the great difficulty of obtaining good servants, and the still greater difficulty of keeping them when obtained, my friend interrogated the old lady who kept the office as to what she attributed this apparently increasing grievance.

'Oh, bless yer, mum,' she replied, 'it's all along of this here eddecation, and that there penny-postage.'

Poor, honest old soul, if education were the cause of servants changing their places, what a fixture she would have been had she in early life been placed out at service!

But enough of this: my object is not to moralise on 'servantism,' but simply to shew, by my own domestic experiences, that, rail as we may about our troubles and annoyances with servants, they are, to say the least, very necessary evils. I make this statement advisedly; and that I am justified in so doing, the following domestic incident shall shew.

Mrs C— and myself have lived together for some four or five years in matrimonial bliss; and although we should not perhaps be strictly entitled to contend for the 'Dunmow fitch,' yet as things go, we live, and have lived together very comfortably. But apart from Mrs C—'s natural amiability of temper, I attribute no small share of this domestic bliss to the fact, that from the day when Mrs C— first claimed me as her own, we have never changed, or thought of changing, our maid-servant. Through good and evil report, for better

and for worse, she abides with us still; and we endeavour to be kind and considerate to her, and she in return is faithful and attached to us.

That we have had no changes, I do not pretend to maintain; for Mrs C— has born me two children—a boy and a girl; and as a matter of course, they required a larger amount of personal attention than she was justified in devoting to them, considering the numerous household duties that devolved upon her.

So we took a nurse for the first, the boy; but when he was sufficiently old to 'go alone,' we dismissed his attendant, as frugal folk should.

On the advent of our second, the girl, we did the same; though the world promising to shine upon us with rather a brighter face, we proposed retaining her as a permanent portion of our establishment. But the unfortunate part of the business was that the world did not shine with any brighter lustre than before, so that nurse the second had to share the fate of nurse the first; my wife—who attaches vast importance to what folks say of us—remarking that our friends would attribute this little coming down to the commercial panic, which had compelled many much richer than ourselves to reduce their establishments; although, for my own part, I can place my hand upon my heart and, *sub rosa*, solemnly aver that I don't believe that the panic made the difference of one penny-piece in my income; but my wife very sagely replied to this by inquiring: 'What's the use of having a panic at all if somebody does not profit by it?'

Our domestic establishment is therefore reduced to its original complement of *one*; and as far as I can see, everything is done quite as well as when it was placed upon a 'war-footing.'

Now, although horticulture has undoubtedly made rapid strides within the last few years, it has never yet succeeded, so far as I have been able to learn, in growing its roses without the proverbially attendant thorns; and on the same principle, our 'Mary' has had her drawbacks. In her own peculiar phraseology, she 'enjoys very bad health'—in short, she is faithful, but weakly; and she has been 'on our hands' for days together, on more occasions than one, when we have been compelled to call in the professional assistance of certain charwomen, to my own unmitigated disgust, and to the serious derangement of Mrs C—'s otherwise placid and genial temper.

But at the time I write, things have assumed a gloomier aspect than usual—our faithful ally is again *hors de combat*. It has fallen in her knee this time; and as she cannot put her foot to the ground, she has to keep her bed as a matter of course. It fell in her back last autumn, and the amount of fomentation and bleeding that had to be resorted to, to quell this mysterious *it*, was positively appalling.

Whatever the proper medical term for this mysterious stranger may be, or whether the College of Physicians is at all cognizant of its existence or not, is a matter of perfect indifference to me individually, compared with the palpable fact, that her knee is twice its usual size, and that my household is in confusion. But worse remains behind. Hitherto, when these almost periodical visitations have taken place, we have, as before stated, called in the services of some friendly charwoman; but now even this small modicum of comfort is denied us, for a distinguished scientific society is holding its meetings in our town, and late dinners, and still later suppers, being the order of the day and night, all available charring talent has been engaged at a high premium by hotel-keepers and others; and no amount of persuasive eloquence would induce a single member of the sisterhood to relinquish her reversionary interest in the 'wine-bottoms,' 'heel-taps,' and other good things common on these occasions, to attend to

our quiet and somewhat frugal household. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to turn to and do the work ourselves. So Mrs C—— and myself held a council of war, in which she did all the talking, while I remained in a state of gloomy silence, brooding over the coming day and its attendant troubles. In vain my helpmate tried to rouse my flagging spirits by telling me that, before now, men had risen to eminence through the kitchen, even to the height of conversing with princes, and having their portraits engraved on the covers of books. What was all this to me? I was a leading member of a flourishing debating society, and being of a republican turn of mind, I was in the habit of publicly expressing, in strong terms, my utter want of faith in both the first and second estate of the realm. So I told Mrs C—— (somewhat testily, I fear) that I did not want to converse with princes, even if I had the chance; all that I did want was, to be able to come down to breakfast at eight o'clock, and find all comfortably prepared as usual, without my having personally to take part in producing this desired result. This plainly could not be; so I was compelled to yield to circumstances, and agreed to do my share of the work like a man—or, more properly speaking, like a woman.

Now, our youngest, although partaking somewhat freely from the maternal breast, is still compelled to supplement nature with a small dish of 'pap,' the manufacture of which now devolved upon me.

That this is not a manly occupation, the reader will readily admit, especially for an individual six feet high, stout in proportion, and with large bushy whiskers; but still I could have borne with it, and even endeavoured to have thrown something like a halo round it, by the consideration that I was doing my duty as a husband and a father, had not one little thing troubled me, which was this—I did not feel secure from observation. I was denied the natural rights of an Englishman, inasmuch as my house was not my castle, as far as privacy and seclusion were concerned. An emissary from a neighbouring milk-shop was accustomed to steal quietly up the garden, walk into the kitchen and deposit her milk; and inasmuch as she appeared to have no regular periods of advent, no amount of calculation on my part would be of any avail in preventing a collision.

On one occasion, as I was stooping over the fire, sedulously stirring the contents of the saucé-pan, I heard the door quietly open, and I had but just time, ere she entered, to spring up, turn my back to the fire, place my hands under my coat-tails, and commence whistling a light and cheerful air, which, as you can well imagine, ill accorded with my feelings at the moment; for I knew that the pap was on the point of boiling, and that every second was of consequence. It was impossible to give it a stir from behind; for the creature had an awful squint, and for the life of me I could not tell which eye commanded me. Imagine my feeling, therefore, when my now practised ear plainly detected the thick, unwholesome blu-u-p peculiar to the 'pap' of childhood when in a state of ebullition. I felt that 'all was over,' in more senses than one, and involuntarily commenced whistling *All is Lost*, with tremulous variations.

What was I to do? My evil genius still delayed her departure; the exigencies of the moment demanded prompt and vigorous action. A brilliant thought struck me. Happening to glance out of the window, I caught sight of a milk-can which she had left at the garden-gate. I rushed to the window, threw up the sash, and exclaimed in a stentorian voice: 'Get out, you ugly brute;' and turning hastily round to the girl—who by her manner seemed to imagine that the observation was addressed to her personally—I remarked: 'That great dog will very soon drink up

all your milk.' The *rase* took; and as she clattered down the garden-walk, vowing vengeance against the canine race in general, and my imaginary friend in particular, I quietly served up the baby's breakfast as if nothing whatever had happened.

Nevertheless, I would advise all those who at present look upon servants as the 'greatest plague of life,' just to try, for one week, to dispense with their services; and if, at the end of that time, they still hold to the same opinion, I would strongly recommend them to continue the experiment in perpetuity.

As far as I am personally concerned, I feel humbled and contrite—humbled, in that I am compelled to acknowledge my almost childlike dependence upon the weaker sex for so large a portion of my daily comforts and necessities—and contrite, when I think of the many cross and hasty words that I have at times indulged in, when any little domestic irregularity has occasioned me annoyance. From henceforth, our 'Mary' and her office will stand much exalted in my estimation; and instead of considering her as an outsider, to be put off or on at pleasure, I shall always endeavour to look upon her as a necessary part of our domestic machinery—without which the whole must inevitably stand still—to be therefore honoured and respected; for 'wherefore should the head say unto the feet, I have no need of thee?'

A CALIFORNIAN GAMBLING-HOUSE.*

THE Plaza Grande of the city of San Francisco is alive with busy crowds, passing and repassing in all directions; some chattering and bargaining, others looking on in idle curiosity: merchants and brokers gravely discussing prices, seeking customers, or cheapening newly arrived wares; weather-beaten gold-diggers, their stalwart frames encased in soiled worn garments, lounging carelessly along with their well-filled leathern money-bag in their girdle; newcomers, just landed from the shipping in the bay, confused and bewildered by the novel sights and sounds around them; Californian Spaniards, in their gay serapes, and heavy, ringing spurs; long-tailed Chinese, with loose blue jackets and bare throats, independent of cravats and neck-ties; swarms of smart trim seamen from the American men-of-war riding at anchor off the port; French, Americans, Germans, English, Argentines, Spaniards, South-sea Islanders, negroes, and mulattoes, all intent upon their various objects of business or pleasure; gold the magnet of attraction; gold the aim and end for which all, of every hue and of every clime, have left their distant homes.

The first wild excitement, however, was past, in which numbers had madly rushed to the mountains, to see and to dig for themselves; most had already been there, and had returned completely satisfied, having altogether failed to find gold, whilst they had spent the little they took with them; and having now arrived at the conviction that there are other ways and means of making money in California, less laborious and uncertain than gold-digging.

Numbers had now settled in the towns as merchants or factors, labourers or artisans, boatmen, porters, policemen, pedlars, cooks, wood-cutters, waiters, pastry-cooks, clerks; in short, anything and everything by which to make money rapidly, and then—to go back to their homes? No, to return to the diggings; for, as they said, they 'had not known how to set about it on their first attempt.'

Of all who resorted to California, there was but one class of men whose object was neither to work

* This graphic picture is a translation from the German.—ED. C. J.

nor to trade, neither to buy nor to sell. They came furnished with playing-cards from the United States, where entire manufactories are employed in preparing such articles, *punctured*, which their owners can distinguish by the touch, without turning them up. These men did nothing from the moment they stepped on shore, ay, nor on board the ship that brought them over, but handle their cards and count or weigh gold.

These were, and are, the licensed gamblers, whose central force is found in San Francisco, but whose ramifications extend to the diggings around in all directions—men who, with deceit and fraud for the foundation of their business, enter California in the firm determination of amassing wealth by all means and at all risks, and not to be turned aside though robbery and murder lie in their path.

England is reproached for sending her criminals to Australia; but they are saints compared with these dregs of the American people, amongst whom it is remarkable that there is scarcely one Englishman or Irishman. The most reprobate of these gamblers, and, indeed, the only ones who are a match for the quick-eyed Spaniard, so peculiarly cool and self-possessed in games of hazard, are the Americans.

From the splendid saloons of San Francisco, with their gaudy pictures and decorations, and hundreds of tables laden with gold, down to the miserable tent in the most distant mountain, where the serape, or blanket-cloak, thrown over a few boards roughly nailed together, serves as a gaming-table through the night, and at morning dawn does duty as bed and coverlet; wherever there is gold, these men are to be found, ready to rob the poor miner of the hardly earned reward of his toil; while the Spanish cloak hides both their well-filled money-bag, and the six-barrelled revolver and sharp bowie-knife, ready for attack or defence, as occasion may require.

We have not now, however, to do with the diggings; we are standing in the Plaza of San Francisco, and the twilight has suddenly spread its veil over the landscape, though the sun has scarcely disappeared behind the low coast range, and sunk into the sea to rise upon India's distant shores. But what are these large buildings, dividing Kearney Street from the Plaza, in which all seems suddenly alive and bustling? The mighty folding-doors are thrown wide open, and the brilliant light of a multitude of astral lamps dazzles the eyes of the crowds who are flowing into the halls. To the right and left, lie similar buildings, all built of brick, with iron balconies and window-shutters, to set at defiance the frequent conflagrations, which have three times already reduced this row of houses to ashes.

From each there issues a stream of light; from each proceeds wild noisy music; all are thronged with eager multitudes; and the spectator hesitates which to choose as the scene of his observations. The largest and most splendid, however, is this one, over whose entrance the name of *El Dorado* sparkles in bright gold letters; and though still half undecided whether to venture into the lion's den, our foot once over the threshold, curiosity overpowers our scruples, and the next minute we find ourselves in the middle of the room, astonished and almost bewildered by all we see around us.

We are in a vast saloon, the ceiling of which is supported by two rows of white lacerred columns. A profusion of lamps render it almost as light as day. The walls are adorned with voluptuous pictures, designed, together with the noisy music, to attract loungers and sight-seers, who, once tempted within the doors, are pretty sure eventually to yield to the seductions of the gaming-tables. These tables are scattered about the room, with ample space between each to allow a number of men to sit and

stand about them, and yet leave space for those who would walk up and down; the crowds who are still pressing in at the doors not being, generally, attracted to the tables until they have fully gratified their curiosity by gazing at all there is to see, and listening to all there is to hear.

To the right of the saloon, behind a long counter, stands a girl, a real, living, pretty, modest-looking young girl, in a close-fitting black silk dress, her slender fingers adorned with rings, supplying her many customers with tea, coffee, and chocolate, cakes, preserves, and confectionary of all sorts; whilst at the opposite corner of the hall, a man is stationed at a similar counter furnished with wine and spirits.

Lounging upon the tea-table are four or five tall uncouth young men, fixed in profound admiration of the young lady on the other side; swallowing one cup of tea after another, at a quarter dollar apiece, by way of excuse for remaining there; and, for the same reason, munching up a most unwholesome quantity of sweet-cakes and pastry.

A few steps behind them stands a group of back-woodsmen, enjoying, at a cheaper rate, the pleasure of gazing upon the pretty damsel who presides over the good things; and determinedly resisting all attempts to dislodge them from their post of observation.

The pretty tea-maker becomes by degrees the centre of attraction to the whole room; all who have once seen her return a second time, and few turn away without leaving behind at least their quarter-dollar, for something eatable or uneatable, were it only for the pleasure of listening to the few words she must speak in telling them the price of her wares. And wherefore is this? The maiden has certainly a very pretty pleasing face and neat figure, but is by no means a perfect beauty, and we might, in other towns, meet three or four equally pretty, or prettier girls in walking along a single street; but here it is not so. At home they have seen many such, as neat, and fair, and attractive, but not since they came to San Francisco. There were, at the time of which we speak, very few respectable women to be found there, and these few rarely, if ever, appeared in the streets.

But hold; what is this? What is going on at this table, attracting such crowds of gamblers and idlers? They seem to be playing very high here, and every one presses as close as possible, the hindmost standing on their toes to get a glimpse over their neighbours' shoulders.

At the table, amongst the professional gamblers and their accomplices, stands a young lad slowly shuffling a pack of cards by way of occupation until the game begins, and then eagerly watching it with his little sharp gray eyes, while involuntarily continuing to shuffle.

The game bears some resemblance to that of 'lansquenet'; the card thrown on the left side is for the banker, that on the right for the player; and the stake is doubled if he throws two above and two below, thus giving each player opportunity to stake on two at once. The boy, in whom we have begun to take an interest, is at most sixteen years old; he is tall and slender, yet his features would have something of a childlike innocent expression, were it not for the glittering sunken eye and sternly compressed lip. He has thrown down his pack of cards; his felt hat is pushed up from his high pale forehead, his left hand is thrust into his bosom, his right hand is clenched and resting on the table, in the centre of which piles of dollars form a wall round a heap of nuggets and gold-pieces, and little stitched-up bags of gold-dust; while three or four larger lumps of gold and stamped bars of the same precious metal are laid on the top, but more for show than for use. His stake, perhaps twenty or five-and-twenty half 'eagles' (five

dollars), lies upon the horseman (or queen), and his eyes are fixed in feverish excitement on the hands of the dealer. This latter, an American, sits cool and collected beside him, with the card that is to be taken off already in his grasp, and examines once more the stakes laid down—if all is in order. The uppermost cards are the ace and the queen. The boy has won, and a smile of triumph plays upon his lip.

‘I shall pay you back to-night what you lent me, Robertson,’ he says in a hoarse and trembling voice.

‘It seems likely enough,’ replies the gambler, with an ambiguous smile. ‘You are in luck to-night, Lovell; you must follow it well up.’

‘I leave that upon the queen, and put this upon the deuce,’ says Lovell.

Here and there are smaller sums laid or altered, and again the cards are thrown—both stakes are lost.

‘Confound it!’ mutters the poor boy half inaudibly, pulling out of his pocket a little sack of gold-dust, at which the banker does not even deign to look. The sack might hold about two pounds; and the Spaniard who stands opposite to him, now throws a couple of ounces on the other card.

‘You mistrust that gentleman’s luck, señor, do you?’ said the banker with a smile, holding the cards composedly in his left hand, as he fixed a searching look upon the Californian.

‘Quien sabe?’ replies the other with indifference, but—his card has won.

The young gambler muttered a curse between his closed teeth, and with a trembling hand he hastily felt in his pockets for more gold—in vain—not in this, not in that. ‘Gone—stolen!’ he murmured to himself, and his glaring eye wandered suspiciously from one to another of those who pressed round him. Their countenances expressed nothing but indifference or ridicule.

‘Come, stranger; if you do not play any more, make way for others,’ said a long-bearded fellow clad in a dirty ragged blouse and superannuated felt hat that stuck sideways on his tangled locks. ‘It seems to me you’re done.’

‘I shall stay here as long as I like,’ answered Lovell shortly.

‘Pray, sir, make room, if you do not play any more,’ echoed the gambler who sat next him. ‘Our table, you see, is quite crowded.’

‘I have been robbed!’ cries the young man, throwing an angry glance on the wearer of the smock-frock—‘meanly, shamefully robbed.’

‘Well, don’t stare that way at me, my boy, if you please,’ says smock-frock coolly.

‘I stare at whom I like,’ replied the boy in great excitement; ‘and if he can’t stand it, he may look another way.’

‘Make room there, will ye?’ said the miner to those who stood by; and seizing the young gambler with the grip of a giant, he lifted him up and threw him behind him.

‘Have a care—have a care!’ shouted several voices the next moment; and two or three hands were raised to throw up the revolver, which the exasperated youth, regardless of consequences, was pointing at the head of his aggressor. Before they could wrest the weapon from him, however, he had twice pulled the trigger; one ball smashed the shade of an astral lamp, the fragments of which fell on the heads of those below, scattering them, laughing and swearing, in all directions; whilst the other harmlessly struck the ceiling, bringing down only a little plaster. The mark it made was not the only one of the kind to be seen there.

‘Much obliged,’ said the miner in the smock-frock coolly to the bystanders; and without troubling himself further about the youth, who was struggling desperately with those who held him, and actually

foaming with rage, he took a packet of gold out of his blouse, and set it on the card nearest to him.

As it was feared that the enraged boy might have other weapons about him, he was taken in charge by some sturdy Irishmen, who volunteered their services for the purpose, and dragged him to the door, where he was made over to two policemen, who had hastened up on hearing the shots, and who led him safely away.

The idlers lounging about the saloon had all, meanwhile, thronged eagerly round the spot whence the shots proceeded, to see as much as possible of the fight they supposed to be going on; and the gamblers at the nearest tables found it necessary for a few minutes to use actual force in keeping back the crowd: even the tea-table was for the time forsaken.

There was, however, too much that was new and interesting on every side, to allow the spectators to fix their eyes long on any one point. From another part of the room there now arose a tumultuous noise of altercation and laughter. What had happened there? ‘Bravo! Capitally done! Hurrah!’ cheered the throng, and one indignant voice, vehemently protesting against something, was again and again drowned in the general shout of approval. A singular incident had occurred here, leading to a strife in which the crowd immediately took upon itself the office of judge and jury, decided promptly, and enforced the decision.

A man tidily and respectably dressed in a black frock-coat and dark trousers, had come regularly for some evenings—this was the seventh—always at the same time and to the same table; had for awhile looked on at the game, and at last drawn a linen bag out of his breast-pocket and staked it on a card. On the first evening the card had won; and he shook the bag out upon the table to count the money. There were twenty-eight Spanish dollars, upon which the banker quietly counted out to him the same sum, and the gentleman walked off with his gains without venturing on second cast.

On the second evening, he came again, staked as before, and lost. Quite coolly, however, without even a look of discontent, he opened the bag, shook it out—it contained exactly the same sum as on the last occasion—then rolled it together, and thrusting it into his pocket, left the saloon. On the third, fourth, and fifth evenings the same thing occurred. The gamblers had got used to the man, and amused themselves with his odd ways. Again he lost, and behaved exactly as before, always taking the bag away with him.

On the sixth evening—and so exactly had he kept his time, that the gamblers said, laughing to each other: ‘It can’t be eight o’clock yet; the eight-and-twenty dollar man is not come.’ He appeared again, staked as usual, and once more lost. The bar-keeper, who dispensed his wines and spirits just opposite to this table, could not forbear laughing aloud as the stranger shook out the money in his cool business-like way, as if paying a regular debt for some employer, rather than gambling and throwing away his own money.

The seventh evening came—it was a full minute past eight o’clock, and one of the gamblers said laughing to the other: ‘We have used him too badly; we have frightened him away;’ when his comrade pointed over his shoulder, and there was the man in the black frock-coat making his way to his customary place, where some who had happened to meet him there before, readily made room for him, and where he quietly took his seat, paying no sort of attention to the whispered jokes and laughter around him. Until precisely a quarter to nine, he gravely watched the play, and then brought out the well-known linen bag, setting it upon the deuce which was that moment

turned up. Two cards were drawn, without the deuce appearing—now the ace fell on the left; and on the right—a scarcely perceptible smile played on the banker's lips—the deuce. The stranger turned pale as death; but without uttering a word upon his change of luck, he stretched out his hand for his linen bag, and was untying it, as usual, to count the dollars, when the gambler said laughing: 'Let it be; I know how much there is in it. Eight-and-twenty. Am I not right?'

'No,' said the man quietly, and shook out the silver upon the table, shook the bag again, and after the silver came a roll of closely wrapped bank-notes and a folded paper.

'What is this?' cried the startled gamblers, and the bystanders crowded up full of surprise and curiosity.

'It is my stake,' said the man with seeming indifference, and untied the ribbon that held the bank-notes together.

'Hold! That won't do,' exclaimed the gambler, throwing down his cards. 'That is false play. You have counted out only eight-and-twenty dollars the other evenings!'

'False play!' repeated the man, with a threatening frown. 'Prove it to be false play. Did I not place the bag, just as it lies there, upon that card? And did you make any objection to taking it unopened?'

'No, no. It is all right—it is all fair,' cried the bystanders, always ready and eager to take part against the professional gamblers, who they feel quite convinced do not play fairly, although they cannot resist the fascination of the gaming-table, but return again and again to be cheated of their money, as long as they have any to squander there.

'He has staked and won it, and he must have it,' they said.

'Count your money. How much is it?' said the gambler, who had whispered a few hasty words to his comrade. 'How much is it?'

'Firstly, eight-and-twenty dollars in silver,' he replied slowly, and the others laughed; 'then here is bank-notes—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight hundred dollars; and then, here'—

'What! more?'

'A small bill of exchange upon Smith and Penneken, as good as gold, accepted and all, the money only needs fetching—for three thousand.'

'Three thousand!' shouted the gambler, starting up from his chair. 'Are you mad? That is altogether near four thousand dollars. I shall not pay that!'

'Shall you not?' said the stranger, indignantly. 'Would you not have taken it, if I had lost it?'

'To be sure he would!' 'Of course!' 'Would he take it? Ay, all they can get, they take; and a little more!' exclaimed a number of voices. 'He must pay; there is no help for it.'

'Gentlemen,' protested the gambler, in the vain hope of obtaining a vote in his favour—'gentlemen, every evening in the last week that gentleman has staked'—

'And every time lost,' interrupted one of his hearers. 'I have been present several times, and have heard it from others also; and he has never made the least objection to paying.'

'But that was only twenty-eight dollars.'

'And if it were as many thousands!'

'Only let me speak,' remonstrated the gambler, who had turned deadly pale, and trembled all over. 'It was but eight-and-twenty dollars that he shook out upon the table, and the papers he held back. Three times already have I won the same sum from him.'

'Prove that I had a cent more than the eight-and-twenty dollars in the bag,' said the stranger,

contemptuously. 'Such excuses as that won't serve your turn.'

'Why did you not keep the bag, *compañero*?' laughed a Spaniard who stood by; 'we keep all that is set on the card.'

'If he had lost again, nothing more would have come out of that confounded linen bag than the trumpery dollars,' said the other, savagely.

'That's possible; but you cannot prove it,' returned the lookers-on. 'You must pay.'

'I'll be hanged if I do!' said the gambler, furiously striking his clenched fist on the table. 'It is a new sort of rascally trick that they want to come over me with; but they have got hold of the wrong man! I won't pay.'

'You have won a hundred dollars from me in the last half-hour,' exclaimed a tall Kentuckian, pressing forward over the shoulders of the others, 'and I had to pay up to the last cent: if you refuse to pay *him*, you must fork that out again.'

'And mine too!' 'And mine!' 'And mine!' cried many voices together. 'I too have lost.' 'And I.' 'I lost ten dollars!' 'I lost fifty.' 'I lost five-and-twenty.' 'I a pound of gold: out with it if you won't pay!'

A brother-gambler now came up from a neighbouring table, and spoke in a whisper to his unlucky comrade, whilst the tumult was increasing around them. The other contended earnestly in the same tone for some minutes, but yielded at length to his persuasions, and they both took the money to count over again; carefully examining the bank-notes as well as the bill, which was drawn on one of the first banking-houses in the city.

There was nothing to be said against either the one or the other; and whilst the stranger, who had quite recovered his equanimity, sat quietly looking on, as if the hubbub was no concern of his, the gamblers counted out to him the money he had won, almost stripping the table of the heaps so ostentatiously piled up. Part of the payment consisted of several packets of gold-dust, which the stranger, before accepting, cut open, examined carefully, and then weighed at the counter just opposite, where he also took a glass of brandy. He found all correct, and disposing of the gold in his various pockets, he shook what remained into the mysterious linen bag, put the papers and bank-notes into his breast-pocket, and courteously thanking his zealous supporters, who returned his greeting with a thundering cheer, he left the saloon.

His quondam friends laughed and talked over the occurrence for a while. Of all present there was scarcely one, probably, who did not feel pretty sure that he had played false—that he had had his bank-notes and bill in the bag on each preceding evening, ready to be produced if he should win; but this they did not call dishonest—it was a clever trick. The gamblers themselves seized upon every advantage, fair or unfair, that came in their way; and every one who had his wits about him would look out for himself. Such is the morality of the gambling-house!

Through the whole night the gambling goes on, until two or three o'clock; yes, frequently until the keen morning breeze drives home the wearied inmates of the chilly saloons, to dream of cards and dice, and in feverish excitement to follow a visionary game.

It was three o'clock; nearly all the gamblers had gathered up and carried off their gold, to lay it beside them as they slept, guarded with loaded weapons. The lights were mostly extinguished; the orchestra had long been empty; and only at one of the tables had the gamblers lingered a while for the chance of attracting a few stragglers coming out of the other gambling-houses, and fleecing them, perhaps, of the winnings they had got elsewhere. This was by no means a rare occurrence.

One of the owners of the table was standing by it; his money, packed in a strong leathern bag, lay near him; the other man was gone a few steps to take or fetch something, when a Mexican, a little brown-faced fellow, who had stood some time looking in at the door, walked in, took his old torn serape from his shoulders, laid it down, and then walked slowly up the room. The gamblers at first eyed him attentively, but the man had not the appearance of one who had money to spend; what else he wanted there, was no matter to them. The Mexican came up the narrow passage that led to the table, and swerved a little, as if to go by. At this moment, the gambler turned his back to the table, to take up his cloak, and the Mexican, seizing his opportunity, darted to the table, caught up the bag, and was off with it in an instant.

'Thieves, thieves!' shouted the other gambler, who saw with horror what was going on, being quite unable to come to the rescue, on account of the tables and chairs in his way. 'Thieves!' but the Mexican was already at the door, and once out in the dark and empty street, pursuit would be all but hopeless.

The man behind the table turned quickly round at his comrade's voice; his eye first sought the gold—it was gone; but he, too, was hemmed in by chairs and benches, and without spending time in shouting or pursuing, he snatched the ever-ready revolver from his breast-pocket, took steady aim at the flying Mexican, and pulled the trigger.

No second shot was needed; almost at the same moment with the crack of the pistol, the heavy bag dropped upon the floor, and with a cry and a bound, the thief vanished through the door, his steps resounding in the distance as he fled along the street.

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the gambler, leaping over the table and stooping to pick up his bag; 'the shot was just in time.'

'Did you hit him, Bill?' cried the other.

'Don't know. I hope I did. I took good aim.'

'Let us look if there is any blood.'

'Pooh, what does it signify?' said the first, carelessly. 'If he has got it they will find him in the street as soon as it is light. Have you the key, Jem?'

'Yes, here. It was monstrously impudent of the fellow; there lies his old serape still.'

'Throw it out; that's right, and now come along. Everybody tries his chance in his own way. If he had done it, he would have been a clever fellow; as it was, he was a fool.'

And the gamblers, the last in the saloon, closed and barred the doors, and climbed slowly up to their bedroom, to win a few hours' sleep from the unprofitable daylight, and recruit their strength for the labours of the next evening.

TABLE PHILOSOPHY.

We had occasion, some time since, to call attention to the subject of 'the Vintages,' as the theme of After-dinner Conversation; and to unveil to the eyes of the more temperate sex the mysteries that are postprandially celebrated by the ordinary worshippers of Wine and Good Living. It is now our mission to treat of the high-priests of the Superstition; the men who enact law for the Table; the Philosophers, whose disciples are select, and yet numerous, and whose philosophy is Dining. At the head of these may be placed Brillat Savarin, chief *gourmand* (*i.e.* a man of taste, not a glutton, as the sticklers for his dignity insist) of the last century, and the author of the *Physiologie du Goût*, from which work mainly is compiled the English *Handbook of Dining*.* He was born in 1755,

* The *Handbook of Dining*. By L. F. Simpson. Longmans. 1850.

at Belley—which seems singular enough—at the foot of the Alps, on the Savoyard frontier of France; he was elected member of the Constituent Assembly, 1789; and afterwards President of the Civil Tribune of the Department de l'Ain. Having fled from the Revolution to New York, he there supported himself as a musician till quiet was restored to his native country. Called to the Court of Cassation, Brillat Savarin, during the leisure of the last twenty-five years of his life, composed his immortal volume. 'The flow of his language,' says his translator, 'won him the hearts of all readers, and disarmed the severest critics. He caught cold at the funeral of one of his friends, and with his peculiar fine appreciation of every feeling, was at once aware that he was a dying man.'

The words we have written in italics comprehend the whole aesthetics of these modern Epicureans. To use a simile that will be familiar to them, the Table Philosophers bear about the same relation to philosophers proper, as apple-jelly bears to guava. To the eye, indeed, these *deliciae* of the dessert may look pretty much the same, but 'that delicate arbiter, the tongue,' detects the miserable imposition at once, and gives the designing host to know that it is not to be deceived by a mere name—an Appellation. Similarly, the outward semblance of the philosopher is affected to an extreme degree, but with very little success, by these pretenders. They, too, are Sir Oracles, and would have no dog to bark while they are speaking. They, too, invoke Providence upon very slight provocation, when it suits their purpose. 'The Creator, in making it obligatory on man to eat to live, invites him thereto by appetite, and rewards him by the pleasure he experiences,' and when Providence seems, on the other hand, to stand in their way, they contemptuously ignore it. And they, too, philosopher-like, adorn their creed with aphorisms—of a grandiloquent and comprehensive appearance indeed, but which 'when'—to use an American expression, not unallied with the subject—'they come to be fried,' turn out to be the feeblest platitudes.

'The universe without life would be nothing, and all that lives must be fed.'

'Animals feed; man eats; the man of intellect alone knows how to eat.'

'The fate of nations depends upon how they are fed.'

'Tell me what you eat, I will tell you what you are.'

'Comestibles vary from the most substantial to the most light.'

'Beverages range from the mildest to the strongest and most delicately flavoured.'

With respect to which last two remarks at least, it may be added, the same observations apply to aphorisms themselves. Nor are these imposing maxims much surpassed by our author's epigrammatic sayings, such as: 'Cookery is a science; no man is born a cook'; 'A dinner without cheese is like a pretty woman with only one eye.'

There is, however, a really amusing solemnity about the manner in which our Dining Philosopher discourses, not of 'Fate, Freewill, Foreknowledge absolute,' but on the physiology of Taste. He maintains that there are three distinct divisions or orders of this sense—direct sensation, complete sensation, and the sensation of judgment.

'Direct sensation is the first impression from the contact of the food with the organs of the mouth, whilst on the point of the tongue.'

'Complete sensation consists of the first sensation, and the impression arising from it, when the morsel of food leaves the first position, passes to the back of the mouth, and strikes the whole organ with its taste and perfume.'

* Finally, the sensation of judgment is that of the mind, which reflects upon the impression transmitted by the organ.

* The man who eats a peach is first agreeably struck by its fragrance; he puts a slice in his mouth, and experiences a sensation of freshness and acidity, which induces him to continue; but it is only at the moment he swallows that the real perfume of the peach is revealed; this is the complete sensation caused by the peach. Finally, it is only when he has swallowed the morsel that he exclaims: "That was delicious."

* The same may be said of a man who drinks a good glass of wine. As long as the wine is in his mouth, he experiences an agreeable, but not a perfect impression. It is only when he has swallowed the liquid that he can really taste, appreciate, and discern the particular perfume of the wine; and then a few minutes must be allowed to the *gourmet* to give vent to his feelings, by "Peste, c'est du Chamberlin!" or "Mon Dieu! c'est du Sureau!" Thus your real connoisseur, at every sip, takes the sum-total of the pleasure which another man enjoys when he swallows an entire glass.

* Or let us take another example.

* A doctor orders a man to take a black draught. His nose, a faithful sentinel, warns him of the treacherous liquor he is about to imbibe. His eyes become globular, as at the approach of danger; disgust is on his lips; his stomach rises. He is encouraged by the doctor; he gurgles his throat with brandy, pinches his nose, and drinks.

* As long as the detestable beverage fills his mouth, the sensation is confused and supportable; but when the last drop disappears, the sickening flavours act, and the patient makes a grimace which the fear of death alone would warrant.

We can conceive the indifference of a philosopher of this sort to a glass of water, a thing 'one drinks, one swallows, and that is all;' but we are astonished at his admitting (with reluctance) that 'Taste is not so richly endowed as Hearing; the latter sense can compare divers sounds at the same time, while taste is simple in actuality—which our author is certainly not in expression—and cannot be impressed by two flavours at the same time.' Nevertheless, 'in the same act of gutturation, a second, and even a third sensation may be experienced, which gradually lessens (alas!) and is designated as *arrière-goût*, perfume and fragrance: in the same manner as when a key-note is struck, a practised ear discerns one or more sonances, the number of which has not yet been accurately ascertained.'

* Hasty and careless eaters do not discern the impressions in the second degree; they are the exclusive property of a small body of the elect; and it is by their means that they can classify, in order of excellence, the various substances submitted to their examination.

* These fugitive *nuances* of flavour remain for some time on the palate; the professors assume, without being aware of it, an appropriate position, and it is always with an elongated neck and a twist of the nose that they pronounce their judgment.'

May *Gasterea* forgive us, but when we have more than once observed her votaries performing their devotional acts at her altar, the dinner-table, as above described, we had no conception that such was their occupation; we opined that they had a piece of gristle in their windpipe, and have often been upon the point of slapping their backs, or turning them upside down; for the future, we will never assist a choking voluptuary, lest we may destroy, instead, the remnant of a *nuance*.

Seriously, indeed, these gentlemen's idea of heaven must be very similar to that pretended one of Sidney Smith's—"the eating of *pâté-de-foie-gras* to the sound of trumpets." But it is an absurd affectation in these

Slaves of the Palate to pretend to be the possessors of much brain. This elaborate self-indulgence of theirs is no more the attribute of real philosophers, than are the weariness and stupor which characterise some persons of fashion. Nor are we essaying in this matter to break butterflies upon the wheel; these persons are not butterflies, but rather unlovely grubs. We cannot forget how *Amphytrion* and a herd of other such writers inundated the columns of the *Times* with their pompous advice concerning dinner-giving, at the very period when the condition of the Homeless Poor of their country was being so pitifully dwelt upon in the same broad-sheet. We can scarcely believe that such a *Dives* sent even the crumbs from his table to his brother Lazarus.

However, we have no desire to hold up to detestation the memory of M. Brillat Savarin. We are grateful to him for a hearty laugh at the following excerpts from a certain historical elegy of his, and a laugh is good for the digestion, and a good digestion, he assures us, is the *summum bonum* of earthly happiness.

He is following the progress of taste from its earliest dawn, and delights to find that its gratifications increase with 'the progress of the Sun'; yet hear with what a tender pathos he laments over the less fortunate of his fellows, who have lived before their time, and never tasted codfish with garlic at the *Frères Froengaux*, or supped in the fourth story at *Henneuve's*.

* Ye first parents of the human race, whose gourmandise is the province of history, who lost yourselves for an apple, what would you not have done for a turkey stuffed with truffles? But in the terrestrial paradise there were neither cooks nor confectioners. Oh, how I pity you! Aspasia, Chloë, and all ye whose forms have been immortalised by the chisel of the Greeks, to the great despair of our modern belles, never did your charming lips taste the delicate flavour of a *mérinque à la vanille*, or *à la rose*; you scarcely rose to the dignity of gingerbread. Oh, how I pity you! Invincible paladins, celebrated by troubadours, after slaying giants, delivering fair damsels, exterminating armies, never, alas! never did a black-eyed captive present you with a bottle of Champagne, Mousseux, Malvoisie, Madeira, or liqueurs, creations of "the great century." You were reduced to cherry-brandy or a cider-cup. Oh, how I pity you!'

Nay, our philosopher cannot shut his eyes to the fact, that a day will come, too late for himself to hail it, when all the luxurious condiments of which he boasts, will in their turn be superseded: 'Science is preparing discoveries for the year 1900, such as the extractions from minerals, liqueurs resulting from the pressure of a hundred atmospheres;' but he will never enjoy them; he will never behold 'the importations which still unborn future travellers will bring home from that portion of the globe yet to be discovered and explored.' Oh, how he pities himself!

Vast strides have indeed been taken since Brillat Savarin's time in the art of eating; the institution of *restaurateur*, whose beginning he hails with such triumph, has grown space, and worked wonders. A man with a few pounds in his pocket may now in truth 'dine like a king.' The advice he has to give concerning dinners suitable to every degree of fortune, has now become almost useless from change of circumstances. *Eprouvettes gastronomiques*—dishes of such recognised flavour, that their apparition alone ought, in a well-organised man, to move all his faculties of taste; so that those who on such an occasion evince no spark of desire, no radiance of ecstasy, ought to be justly noted as unworthy—of a sort which in his day were beyond a *Monte Christo*, are now by railways

brought within the reach of moderate fortunes. It is probable that Soyer may have thought, or said, of Savarin: 'Oh, how I pity you!' Nevertheless, there must have been a tolerable variety to have been got at a first-rate Parisian *restaurateur's*, even in his time, since this is the *carte* of one of them: 12 soups; 24 hors d'œuvre; 20 entrées of beef; 30 entrées of game or fowl; 20 of veal; 12 of pastry; 24 of fish; 15 roasts; 50 entremets; 50 of dessert; with thirty different kinds of wine, and twenty of liqueurs to wash them down with. We will conclude with one aphoristic remark of our author's, which will be new to most persons, and by some will even be disputed. It refers to the ladies as well as to men, and ought, therefore, if a scandal, to be contradicted. Brillat Savarin has, however, himself no sort of doubt of the truth of his assertion, and writes it oracularly, and in a sentence all by itself, thus:

'Whoever says "Truffle," pronounces a grand word, which arouses at once the feelings of both sexes.'

THE GOORKHAS AT LUCKNOW.

The position which we were ordered to attack, and, if possible, carry, will be familiar enough to those who have visited Lucknow by the name of the 'Char Bagh.' It consisted of an extensive enclosure, surrounded on three sides by high brick walls, while on the fourth it was flanked by the canal, which, after describing a semicircle, falls into the Goomtee, at the further extremity of the city. On the opposite bank of the canal—that is to say, on the Lucknow side—the rebels had thrown up a formidable-looking battery, which completely swept the enclosure beyond; while their sharp-shooters, posted in every available cover, were enabled to keep up a withering fire on all those who might be foolhardy enough to venture within range. At early dawn, a brigade of Goorkhas moved out of camp in the direction of the Char Bagh. They were preceded by half-a-dozen pieces of brass ordnance, neither remarkable for their serviceable condition nor their accuracy of range. These guns were drawn by a singular description of the human race, who, it is understood, are a kind of serf or helot among the Nepaulese. They were of short stature, bull-necked and round shouldered, clad in dingy rags of every stage of impurity. Caste they have none, and they are in the habit of devouring—doubtless to the scorn and scandal of the Nepaulese—every description of viand which chance might throw in their way. Linked together in couples, like galley-slaves, their duties consist in dragging these cumbersome masses of brass, which they perform with a strength, patience, and dexterity perfectly marvellous; while their behaviour under fire evinces that stoical indifference to death which is so strong a characteristic among the lower orders in India. In rear of the artillery followed the infantry, marching in no 'serried phalanx,' but swarming over the country in a dense, straggling, irregular body, the several regiments distinguished by uniforms of red, green, and blue.

As the column crowns the summit of a rising-ground, over which are thickly scattered villages, gardens, trees, and here and there a large white house shining through the foliage, the city of Lucknow lies stretched before us. But it is in vain that we strain our eyes to catch a glimpse of the capital of Oude; the atmosphere is obscured by thick

volumes of smoke and dust, floating over the town, which effectually conceal the fantastic minarets, gilt cupolas, and other whimsical designs of eastern architecture. Now and again, a small spiral column of white smoke shoots up into the sky, accompanied by a loud report. These are the explosion of magazines in the enemy's works, and they appear at this moment to be unusually frequent. The loud, sullen boom of heavy guns, and the rattle of musketry, are distinctly audible to our right, and it is evident that an attack is being made on one of the enemy's positions; but it is only the roar of the artillery, and the sharp ring of the small-arms, which induce us to form this conjecture, for as to knowing what is actually taking place, we might just as well be fifty miles distant from the spot. As we advance down the side of the slope, the rebels bring their guns to bear upon us, and the round-shot flies thick and fast over our heads, or rips open the surface of the earth at our feet, burying itself deep in the soil, with a dull, heavy crash, and throwing showers of dust and earth into our faces. Our guns are brought to the front, and for a considerable space of time it is an exchange of round-shot at long artillery-range, with very little execution on either side; for the dense canopy of smoke and dust which envelops the scene completely screens the belligerent forces from each other's observation. As we sweep onwards, and approach the enemy's position, we are exposed to a flanking fire from a village on the extreme left, which gives us considerable annoyance; and this post must be carried before we can proceed any further. The column halts, and, see! a small body of Goorkhas, detaching itself from the main force, proceeds rapidly in the direction of the village. We watch their advance with much interest. They are within a few hundred yards of the spot; now they have reached it, and we can distinguish the red and blue coats of the Nepaulese disappearing in quick succession amid the long line of low mat-huts which form the village, and hear the rattling volleys of musketry as the combat sweeps down the narrow streets of the hamlet. Suddenly, the whole scene is obscured in one dense rolling column of black smoke, through which occasionally bursts forth a lurid sheet of flame. The rebels have fired the village, and under cover of this are effecting their retreat. And now the order is given for the whole force to advance and carry the rebels' position at the Char Bagh. At that time, but little was known of the defences of this post, and of course we were unaware that the whole interior of the enclosure was swept by the battery erected on the opposite bank of the canal. Buoyed up with the hope of an easy conquest, therefore, the signal for the assault is given, and the Nepaulese battalions pass rapidly to the front, led by several British officers; for the Goorkha officers evince such decided partiality for the rear of the column, and such an utter disrelish for round-shot and bullets, that the greater portion of these warriors prefer the more undignified though safer retreat afforded by the high brick walls in the background, to earning laurels in the field. The Nepaulese officers, it may be as well to state here, are indeed of a class wholly distinct from the Goorkhas themselves: the great majority of these gentry are *zemindars* (landholders) in Nepaul, and obtain the command of regiments and brigades not from any merit of their own, but from the degree of influence or rank they or their families may possess in their native land. In appearance and disposition they approach nearer than any other

race in the East to the weak, effeminate, pusillanimous Bengalee; and whatever virtues they may lay claim to, personal courage cannot, assuredly, be ranked among them. Unattended, then, with a few exceptions, by their leaders, the battalions of Nepaul move rapidly over the plain, and the head of the column is soon close up under the walls of the Char Bagh. In this position, we are almost unmolested, the shot passing over our heads at a considerable altitude. After a brief investigation of the spot, we discover a small opening in one part of the wall sufficiently large for the body of a man to pass through. In single file, and, to say truth, with sundry misgivings on the part of the Goorkhas, we scramble over the narrow pathway, and in a short space of time a couple of hundreds of us are within. Perceiving that the foremost of the column have met with no opposition in their course, the Nepaulese, with a feeble imitation of a British cheer, swarm through the aperture, in the firm conviction that the place is evacuated by the foe. But they are soon undeceived, and in a manner they little anticipated. The battery on the bank beyond, until now masked and silent, suddenly bursts into life like the unexpected eruption of a sleeping volcano. 'Whiz,' 'whiz,' comes the round-shot, crashing through the trees in front, and tearing down huge branches in their destructive career, while the bullets, flying thick and fast, strike the ground with a pattering sound, like the big drops of rain which precede a thunder-shower. A huge mass of iron, hurtling a few inches above our heads, strikes a group of Nepaulese beyond. One man is crushed into a shapeless mass by the mighty thunder-bolt; and several, severely wounded, are borne to the rear. The deafening roar of the artillery, and the sharper 'ping' of the musketry, are all that is now heard, while we can clearly discern the red coats of the sepoys glancing through the thick foliage opposite, or dodging behind the trunks of trees, in order to screen their bodies from fire, and obtain a passing glimpse of their assailants. That small ruined building in front is swarming with the enemy, and we can see many a dark face grouped about the windows, or peering at us round the corners of the dilapidated walls. It affords admirable cover, and from it is kept up a continued and most destructive fire. The Goorkhas fall fast around; and after a hurried attempt at formation, and an incipient essay at a charge, betray such a decided inclination to retreat, that all hope of inducing them to advance seems at an end. The few British officers attached to the force, attempt, by word and gesture, to animate the fainting hearts of the little mountaineers; but it is all in vain. Crouched behind trees, or in the partial shelter which the angles of the walls afford, they appear more anxious to avoid the fast-flying shot than to come to close quarters with their opponents. A few hundred Europeans, a British cheer, a British use of the bayonet, and the position would have been carried, the battery silenced, and the enemy driven from their post; but Goorkhas are not Britons, and the inhabitants of the mountains of Himalaya are not formed of the same stuff as the sturdy islanders of the west. But where are the officers who should have animated their men and rallied their wavering ranks? See that large, unwieldy Nepaulese colonel, who has found his way—probably by mistake—into the enclosure. With his body bent to a curve, and all the insolent assurance of his former demeanour entirely gone, he crouches behind the ample trunk of an adjacent tree, in an ague-fit of terror, and with the tears which cowardice has wrung from his chicken heart coursing down his cheeks, as he overwhelms us with reproaches, censuring our conduct as rash, precipitate, insane, in leading him into such a position, exposed to such a

fire! Surely we had some diabolical design on his life! Ah! there comes another round-shot, and down goes his head, like the cork attached to a fisher's line when the treacherous hook has ensnared some unwary victim. The heat is intense, the eyes blinded and inflamed by clouds of dust, while thick and unceasing pours the storm of iron hail. The scattered forces of the Goorkhas no longer wear any semblance of discipline, and are rapidly dwindling away by casualties, and desertions to the rear. A sudden movement is observed among the enemy in front, who, emboldened by our inaction, seem determined to assume the initiative themselves, and a large force is seen advancing towards us, their bayonets glancing through the green foliage of the mango-trees, in a long line of glittering steel. This is enough to turn the already doubtful balance. As the foremost of the foe approach, there is a stir among the Goorkhas, a hesitating pause, a sudden retrograde movement, and then, with a rush, they pass swiftly to the rear, fly through the narrow opening like a flock of startled sheep, and sweep like a torrent into the plain beyond. The panic is great and general; it is *sauve qui peut*, 'the devil take the hindmost,' and in a brief space of time the Char Bagh is occupied by the enemy alone, who hail our departure by firing a *feu de joie*, and uttering loud shouts of defiance. No attempt is made on their part, however, to follow us up; and, once outside, the Nepaulese assume, in some degree, an appearance of order; but so great had been the panic, that on no consideration, we firmly believe, would they have been induced again to venture within that fatal enclosure. The sun had some time since sunk below the horizon, and night was fast gathering round the scene; but instead of returning to camp, which was a couple of miles in the rear, we receive orders to bivouac for the night in the open air. Slowly, and with but little martial appearance, we wheel in beneath a wide-spreading grove of mango-trees; sentries are placed, large fires lighted, and those who have had the precaution to provide themselves with a supply of provisions, proceed to satisfy the cravings of nature. The moon shone brightly down upon the scene, which is wild and picturesque in the extreme. There is a group of Nepaulese soldiers squatted in a circle round a large, cheerful fire, with musket in hand, watching the blaze which illuminates their round flat faces, little eyes, and oddly shaped caps, ornamented by some metal emblem of Hindoo superstition, which indicates the regiment to which they belong. There is a good-humoured look about their circular, inexpensive, and dirty visages, which interests the spectator in their behalf. Not far distant are to be seen a heap of 'doolies' (oblong boxes of wood and canvas, with a pole ran through the middle), containing the sick and wounded. Squatted on their haunches around these queer-shaped conveyances, are the doolie-bearers, with bare chests, legs, and arms, regaling themselves with the 'bubble-bubble' (small hookah), and passing it round from one to another with true oriental politeness. Food has not passed their lips for more than twelve hours, yet they appear happy and contented, entertaining each other with oriental legends, uttered in their own peculiar patois. A dropping fire of musketry is still kept up at intervals by either party; and the sepoys, flushed by their partial success in the earlier part of the day, have approached within musket-shot of the camp, while by the silver light of the moon the sowars are seen hovering about the skirts of the encampment, or careering in circles in the far distance. All through the night the heavy boom of the British guns on the extreme right, and the rattle of musketry in our immediate vicinity, continue unceasingly; but in spite of the warlike din, we are soon buried in forgetfulness,

for, by long habit, one sinks into slumber amid the roar of artillery as calmly as in the hushed bedroom and curtained bed of an English country-house.

TEN MINUTES BEFORE THE TRAIN STARTS.

As, since the application of steam-power, time and tide bide even less for folks than they used to do, and have consequently led to a general improvement in the virtue of punctuality, I have made it a rule to take the former by the forelock, and the latter by the top. Thus, when bound for country travel, I make a point of being at the London station, be it Paddington, Euston Square, London Bridge, or Wellington Road, full five, if not ten minutes before the hour and minute appointed for the whistle-signal and wave of the starting-flag. Many people seem to consider this a waste of time, which they may save at the expense of a prodigious waste of breath—to which I am asthmatically averse—and some amount of sensible perspiration, which I am too old and susceptible of cold to incur. Besides, I am sure to find the waiting-space well occupied with instructive objects, and to derive amusement from the treacherous hurry and ludicrous distresses of my less prudent fellow-travellers.

The world is now such a moving world that it is very difficult to catch folly as it steams, or get a perfect glance at the vapoury cynthis of the minute. Insect-like, the images flit and flutter about, so errantly and transiently, that the philosophical entomologist of human-kind is as glad as his butterfly-hunting compeer to watch for their settling, for ever so short a period, on some spot, and there and then getting an insight into their nature, instincts, habits, and semblances.

Such is my occupation at the terminus, when it happens to be reversed into a starting-post.

The dog-star rages; it is a warm summer afternoon. 5.20 P.M. is on the Railway Guide; and at 5.10 I am at the station, have paid my fare, and am ready to speculate on all comers. As yet, there is only one gentleman besides myself—a clerico-military-looking person, who might be chaplain to the 111th infantry, have written the history of the campaign of 1853, and who is evidently a close observer of the passing panorama. Can he, too, be collecting materials for an article? Distressing thought! He is not making any memoranda, however; and in spite of his keen, intelligent looks, there is a grave sort of concern about his countenance, from which I see no cause to fear competition.

Here come the arrivals, fast and furious. A very handsome landauet, with the horses sleek and matched to a hair, Coachee's wig of immaculate tobacco-pipe curl, and Plush's locks as stiffly whitened as a cross between baker's dough and plaster-cast can effect; while inside, two crinolines, containing a pair of fat, fair, and forties, beam unruffled satisfaction. The ladies spread themselves upon sofas in the first-class waiting-room; and a very uninteresting pair they are.

The next vehicle is a hired cab, the roof crowded with luggage, and, as far as may be guessed through the window, the inside crammed to an equal extent. There are three females promiscuously interspersed among the hampers, packages, and trunks. The proprietor of all these, small, mean-looking person, is on the seat with the driver; and, before the horse can well stop in the joy of woe, has leaped down with the agility of a harlequin or man of business, and dragging an extra heavy carpet-bag and bulky chest along with him, darted into the interior. It is then Cabby's concern to enfranchise the ladies, and that of the eldest of the three—the mother of two very plain daughters, independent of surveillance—to look after the baggage, which she sets about with amazing alacrity and fortitude. As the 'items' are clanked

down on the pavement, she goes: 'One, two, three, four, five—take care of that, that's glass—six, seven—thero's another carpet-bag!' Cabby, in answer: 'The gent. has taken that.' 'All right!—eight, nine, ten—look under the seat, I'm sure there's more.' Cabby: 'The gent. has ta'en a chest, ma'am.' 'All right. Now the top; the top is lowered to the same tune, and Mrs Careful proceeds: 'Jane, have you got your parasol?—you'll break it!—and the four little parcels? Polly, you have the sandwiches and sherry-wine? All right! Now, let us count the things again. One, two, three—where can your stupid Pa be all this while?' Porter, put them things on your truck by themselves. Jane and Polly, go along with him, and see they're kept together, all right. I wonder what that foolish man can be a doing. Sure-ly, the train will be off before he comes back to pay the cab!' This accident, however, does not happen. Pater familias soon reappears, and after an angry, litigious, and rather abusive wrangle with Cabby—the help-meet for him vacillating violently between resistance à l'outrance and terror of the train starting without them—compromises the charge for ultra lading and ultra daughters with a shilling.

Pedestrians come rushing up, almost every one of them as if driven to the latest moment, though a few, glancing at the clock, and noting full five minutes to spare, smile with a gracious reassurance, relax their panting speed, and gulp away their breathless anxiety.

A neat, though evidently a hired brougham, and a shabby-genteel driver, smartly enters the gateway; and out steps a young man, as trim from top to toe as if he had just been turned out of a ready-made 'clothes-warehouse,' and was exhibited as a sample of its cut and fashion. His white kids hand a pretty piece of muslin out of the carriage, and I behold, with pleasure, a smiling countenance, slightly shaded by a border of orange blossoms. The travelling appurtenances were neither bulky nor weighty; all seemed airy and light; the unencumbered world was all before them. The driver touches his hat thankfully, and wishes them good-luck with a chuckle which denotes unusual satisfaction. The happy couple glide into the inner sphere, without bestowing a glance upon aught around. Their conveyance to the moon (honey) is secured, change taken, and check received. 'Intoxicated creatures!' I mentally soliloquise, 'may every change you experience, and every check you encounter, be as harmless and agreeable as the first on this auspicious day.'

Here is quite a home family-party—Papa, Mamma, Tommy, Cary, Arthur, Helen, Alfred, and Baby in attendant nurse's arms. Pa is kept in agitated action between his quiverful of arrows and his rumbleful of baggage; and his distractions are aggravated by the exclamations from Ma, when Tommy is not above ten yards from a wicked pony-chaise just coming up, and Cary and Arthur not quite fifty from the dreadful engine which is to drag them down. As a diversion from these awful risks, the refreshment counter is invaded, and wind-mills, jumping-jacks, Noah's arks, and dolls are thrown down for buns, cakes, tarts, and sweetmeats. How the little gluttons scramble and cram! What large eyes they have got! Now, every one calls for a drink. No wonder! The minors swill lemonade, but Tom insists upon ginger-pop, and, to own the truth, Cary slyly prompts him on her own account; and they are all indulged to the top of their bent. Ma, exhausted, is glad of a glass of cherry-bounce to steady her nerves; and nurse, having nerves also, and being a prodigious favourite, has another, with a biscuit for her share of the confectionary. Pleased and happy, the most of them will be soon asleep, dreaming, it may be, of the games that await them in the country, of nuts and cows, and milk and rabbits!

What a pile of pea-jackets, sou'-westers, Guernseys, roped together hammock-shape, and thrown a-top of an immense iron-girded chest, overload that unlucky animal! yet it pulls up its burden to the curb-stone, and there dismounts from the box a handy stripling in seaman's gear, ready for the lowering of the lading aloft and the alighting of the passengers—namely, the weather-beaten, sunburnt master of the good ship *Telegram*, bound for Australia, and his sonny wife. The job of transhipping the cargo to the luggage-van being accomplished, the master and mistress separate with a parting kiss, such as a Greenland bear might administer to a walrus full of blubber. There, too, in the far corner, is She waiting for a last look at him on his way to the perilous ocean—his loving and widowed mother, whose sole care he has been from infancy, whose sole hope in this world he is. She has trudged many a weary mile to 'see him off'—to bid farewell, and to pray to God to bless him. Brief is their embrace—an age of feeling in the pressure of a moment. He is hurried into a 'third class,' his oilskin hat pulled down over his brow, his eyes dim with manly tears, and his pale lips quivering with emotion—grasping in his hand the Bible he has just received as her last remembrance.

What tumult and noise! Can it be a mob and riot, and the police and military called out to quell the disturbers of the public peace? O no, it is only the van, with a pack of the Painsbury Hall Academy boys on their way home for the holidays—for home, dear home.

The crowded coach,
The joyous shout, the loud approach,
The winding horns like rams,
The meeting sweet that makes them thrill,
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still—
No 'satis to the jams.'

Marvellous age! The Painsbury Hall well advertised system, 'Train up a child in the way he should go,' seemed to be utterly lost upon these youngsters going by the train. They roar like the boiler, and whistle so like the steam-pipe, as to tempt a movement, till the guard looks out and discovers the imitative cause.

A rapid succession of Hansoms almost drive over each other as they gallop up to the entrance of the grand hall. Single gentlemen leap out with travelling-bags, and pay their fares in an instant. Elderly ladies have invariably to grope to the bottom of their pockets for their purses or porte-monnaies, losing more time in getting them open, and still more in explanations and objections as to distance, before their affair can be finally adjusted—the passengers behind wishing them all the while further off, except certain sprigs of fashion, who appear to be in no greater hurry than if they were dressing for a soirée, and continue to afford full measure to every syllable they drawl out.

Now, too, come other clusters of pedestrians, running and racing as if life or death depend on the next fifty paces, and hastening to the third-class. The poor have little time to spare; they must strive and fog double tides in order to save the latest minute. Not so that stately personage just emerging from the palace hotel, and attended by the obsequious Boots, with his velvet bag and polished gun-case. He has no occasion to hurry himself; the hotel clock times him to a moment. He has not even the trouble to get his ticket; it has been sent for; and, in the enormous spread of wealthy importance, he has but to stride a hundred yards, take his place, and be whirled from luxury to luxury, whithersoever it pleaseth him to command. I could not but be struck by the contrast, as the florid, and whiskered paladin, inclining his conversation benignantly towards the humble Boots, passed majestically along, till, hearing

the bell ring, even he had to assume a quicker motion.

Have you seen a tropical snake fix its eyes upon a bird of gorgeous plumage on the bough of a tree, and fascinate it into its envenomed fangs? Neither have I! But I can imagine it. I have seen a partridge cower from a hovering hawk, and I have seen the hawk pounce upon the doomed partridge with a glance so intense, that the flash of a sportsman's fowling-piece boded comparative safety.

Such was the glance of my literary *confrère*, as he darted from behind a column, and such the terror of the magnate from the grand hotel. Nor less swift the pounce. In an instant it was hand to collar, and 'Oh, it is you, Master Rigley! Faith, you are so cleverly made up that, if my information had not been so particular, I should hardly have known you. Well, it's all up now, you know. I will call a cab, and suppose you will go along quietly.' It was no sooner said than done. He held up his finger; a policeman beckoned the conveyance; the partridge hopped in, and the hawk followed. No trick or transformation in a pantomime was ever more deftly executed. A wave of the wand, presto, all had vanished, and the amazed spectator looked upon vacancy.

I paused whether to proceed on my short trip or forfeit my half-crown, and adjourn to see the issue of this singular adventure; my vacillation was determined by the train suddenly vanishing, but, unlike the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving a cloud-capt gorgeous station behind.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SOIRES, exhibitions, and conversazioni have abundantly relieved whatever there was of dryness in the learned and scientific meetings of the past few weeks, and thrown an element of peacefulness into the eager talk about war and politics. Painters, whether in oil or water, are again gratifying the eyes of thousands of visitors, more or less successfully. The Society of Arts has opened its annual exhibition of inventions, and it was well worth a visit, being better arranged than in former years, and many of the articles prepared in accordance with the feeling that a thing need not necessarily be ugly because it is useful. There are tents, shells, and contrivances for war; new forms of locks; numerous philosophical instruments; varieties of ornaments and machinery, some remarkably ingenious; a cotton-cleaning machine for use in India; and agricultural implements: among the latter is a patent lawn-mower, exhibited by Mr Samuelson of Banbury, which in mowing lawns will do the day's work of six men in two hours; it is constructed with a brush which keeps the knives sharp and clean, and can be used in any weather.

Mr Wheatstone's improved telegraphic instrument is now in use at the House of Lords, at one of our chief printing establishments, and at the London Docks. It admits of ready application indoors, and in the field; and we are told that the Emperor of the French ordered a pair some two months ago, of such dimensions as would be useful on active service and long journeys. Provided with these, he could flash messages from the front to the rear of his army over a distance of fifty miles.

Mr Allan has been holding a correspondence with the government in favour of a system of telegraphic communication between England and her colonies and foreign possessions, which shall keep clear of the continent. He proposes a submarine line direct from Plymouth to Gibraltar, thence to Malta and Alexandria, and onwards to India. This, as he shews, would render us independent of foreign powers and operators, and enable us to communicate with the

more dispatch. Mr Allan would make his cable with a solid copper core, strong enough to resist any amount of strain, whereby it would be stronger and yet lighter than the Atlantic cable laid last July.

There is no doubt that failure has led to essential improvements in the construction of telegraphic cables. Experiments recently made shew that india-rubber is a far better insulator for the wires than gutta-percha, and is not so easily affected by heat and pressure.—Mr Header of Plymouth, well known as an authority in matters electrical, says that as engineers have got over the mechanical difficulties of laying a cable, so electricians should overcome the difficulties that hinder its working. As the result of his investigations on the subject, he states that a cable is best fitted for the transmission of a charge when it has a fibrous layer between the wires and the gutta-percha, or between the gutta-percha layers themselves. Flax or hemp would be a suitable material, and at the same time greatly strengthen the cable. 'Such a cable,' says Mr Header, 'when made of the requisite dimensions, need not weigh more than six hundredweights per mile in air, or one hundred-weight in water; and from experiments made with a sample of an analogous construction, the breaking strain would be upwards of seventeen hundredweights, or equivalent to between 17 and 20 miles of its own length in water. It will be remembered that the Atlantic cable would not support three miles of its own length in water; and I question much if the integrity of its gutta-percha coating could be depended on under the strain of a single mile.'

Further experiments are making with super-heated steam, and with the advantage which we mentioned some time ago—a saving of 30 per cent. The *Valetta*, a steamer belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, has just been fitted with an engine on the super-heating principle, by Mr Penn, and the result is as described. The temperature of steam, as commonly used in engines, is 250 degrees; the super-heating raises it to 350; and it is by an admission of a portion of this to work with the common steam, that the effect is produced. The super-heating, in the present case, is accomplished by a system of pipes in the smoke-box; and we are told that the principle is applicable to all kinds of engines. The coal-bill of the Peninsular and Oriental Company amounts to £700,000 a year; hence a saving of 30 per cent. will add largely to their profits.

By advices from New York we learn that, although the *Ericson* was a failure on the great scale, the air-engine has nevertheless completely succeeded on the small scale. Up to five-horse power, it is as effectual as steam, and not one-tenth of the cost; so that, in American phraseology, 'the Ericson air-engine is going to wipe every other kind of engine off the slate:' that is, so long as it does not exceed five-horse power.

The International Association for the decimalisation of weights, measures, and coins, are pursuing their labours. The decimal system is to be introduced into our *Pharmacopœia*, and the term *gram* is to be employed, if a better cannot be thought of.

Sir William Denison, governor of New South Wales, has taken the initiative in proposing to the government here at home, the publication of a work on the zoology, botany, natural history, physical geography, climate, geology, ethnology, &c., of our whole colonial empire. He promises to use his influence in promoting the necessary surveys, in so far as relates to Australia; and hopes that equal willingness will be manifested by all the rest of the British colonies. Our colonial secretary has taken the question into consideration, and we may hope that something will come of it. We may remark, however, that a geological survey of Canada is already in progress under the direction of Sir W. Logan, and with highly

valuable results, as appears by the published reports. There is also a geological survey going on in India, of which the second volume has just been distributed from the India House to scientific societies in England. It contains well-written and detailed reports on special districts by competent hands, describing the mineral resources, and is well illustrated by wood-cuts and lithographs. These are good instalments towards the great publication recommended by Sir William.

A paper read at the Institution of Civil Engineers, 'On the Permanent Way of the Madras Railway,' gave rise to a discussion in which certain facts were mentioned which appear to be generally interesting. The simplest form of construction is preferred—that is, screwing the rails directly down upon wood-sleepers, because the natives are much given to steal chairs, 'fishes,' and bolts. It is believed that cast-iron sleepers will be found preferable to wood, especially in hot climates. Iron sleepers answer best in Egypt; and a form known as 'trough-sleepers' and 'cup-sleepers,' having no chair or projecting parts, has been tried for some years on one or two of the main lines running out of London, and with success. On the Midland Railway they were laid near to the Derby station, 'where they were subject to a traffic of 550 engines, 2400 wagons, and 120 carriages every twenty-four hours,' which may be regarded as a pretty severe test. Sleepers of Scotch fir, properly creosoted, have been found quite sound at the end of sixteen years. Better still is the yellow pine brought from St John's, New Brunswick, which, after twenty years' use in docks at Liverpool and Sunderland, remains sound and unaltered; and, so far as experience goes, creosoted timber is not attacked by the teredo.

A few miscellaneous matters relating to foreign parts are worth notice. A breakwater is to be built in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, where such a protection has long been needed; and as it will be constructed under the direction of Mr Coode, the engineer of the Portland Breakwater, mariners may count on seeing a safe harbour created on that southern end of Africa.—A company has been formed to demonstrate that mahogany and sugar can both be cultivated in Honduras with considerable profit.—Another, to import flax from India, where, as is said, it can be grown in any quantity in the Punjab. It appears that the late adventurous discoveries in Australia, of which we gave a passing notice, have opened a new tract of twelve million square miles of grass-land.—The Russians are about to establish three English life-boats on the coast of Finland; and one is to be introduced on the Lake of Geneva.—The great oceanic survey is in future to include records of littoral earthquakes and those felt at sea; and a magnetic observatory is to be set on foot at Pekin, as soon as possible after the establishment of our embassy in that city.—Dr Falconer, one of our foremost geologists, has explored the caves in the neighbourhood of Palermo, and discovered some highly significant geological facts, of which we shall hear something on his return home ere long.

The Sardinian government have promised to extend aid and protection to English *savans* who may wish to encamp on the Alps, for the sake of studying the glaciers. Apropos of this subject, the theory so ably advanced and illustrated fifteen years ago by Professor Forbes, as to the motion of glaciers—namely, that a glacier is a viscous fluid urged down a slope by the mutual pressure of its parts, precisely after the manner of a water-torrent or river, the centre moving more freely and rapidly than the sides, and the top than the bottom, while the whole is thrown into a vertically laminated structure, as if composed of thin upright bands, differently coloured,

like veins in marble, as the result of a struggle between the rigidity of the ice and the *quasi-fluid* character of the motion impressed upon it—was challenged two years ago by Dr Tyndall and Professor Huxley, in consequence of some experiments which they had conducted on a small scale, shewing the frangibility of ice into small pieces under pressure, and the readiness of these to be instantly refrozen. This has led the indefatigable professor—and how zealously active he has been, under all the disadvantages of imperfect health, no one beyond a limited circle of friends can even fully know or appreciate—to republish his minor writings on the subject of Glaciers, in one volume, in order to shew that Dr Tyndall's results are confirmatory, not contradictory, of his theory. The book forms a ready means of acquiring a knowledge of this very interesting branch of physics, and, as exhibiting an example of earnest investigation, it is more than instructive—it is deeply interesting.

Natural philosophy at the Royal Institution has been relieved by a course of lectures on Italian Literature by Signor Lacaita, and by Mr Layard 'On the Seven Periods of Art'—a lecture to each. The Rev. Walter Mitchell's lecture, 'On a New Method of rendering visible to the Eye some of the more Abstruse Problems of Crystallography, hitherto considered only as Mathematical Abstractions,' will perhaps excite the admiration of crystallographers all over the world; because, with the mechanism employed in illustration, the lecturer shews that outlines of forms and systems of angles may be produced at pleasure, even three-faced octahedrons and rhombic dodecahedrons.—Dr Angus Smith's lecture, 'On the Estimation of the Organic Matter of the Air,' is important in a sanitary point of view. With a solution of chameleon in a proper apparatus, he shews that it is possible to detect and measure the smallest quantities of organic matter in the atmosphere; and the general result of his experiments confirms the views developed by researches within the past twenty years, as to the impurity of the atmosphere of towns. Heat, he says, tends to increase the amount; dryness, to diminish; rain, in warm weather, perhaps by washing the air, diminishes; and by this test 'it is easy to tell, when in the outskirts of a town, whether the wind is blowing from the town or the country.' It is remarkable, too, that in Manchester 'a distinct difference was always found between the front and back of a house.' A full account of all the experiments is to be published, which perhaps will do something to remove the indifference that most persons feel towards evils which are not directly recognisable by the senses. Dr Smith speaks wisely on this matter, in a passage which we take leave to quote. By this method, he says, 'we may find that every wind will have attached to it its mark of unwholesomeness with respect to this test, and that every season also will have its co-efficient. It may also be found that changes of season or of condition of the air will be ascertained with much more certainty, delicacy, and rapidity than now. We may even hope to find some premonitory symptoms of disease in the atmosphere before it affects the human body; the exciting cause itself existing long before it has been able to take effect, so that useful precautions may be made in time, and an efficient defence prepared. At the same time, no proof whatever has yet been given that a plague or any infectious disease can be estimated by it, although reason has been given for such an expectation, while the air over different fields differs enough to promise some knowledge of misfortune.'

We see, with pleasure, by the Postmaster-general's Fifth Annual Report, that the post-offices continues to flourish: the whole number of post-offices in the United Kingdom is now 11,235. The number of letters

sent in 1858 was 523 millions, being 19 millions more than in 1857, and 447 millions more than in 1839, the year before the introduction of penny-postage. The total amount sent by money-orders was £12,662,105. The number of persons employed is 24,372; and the gross revenue for the past year was £3,100,939, out of which the net revenue is set down as £1,330,385.

BURNS'S PISTOLS.

A curious dispute has arisen regarding the pistols which Burns gave to his Dumfries physician, Maxwell, on his death-bed, as the only fee in his power to confer. Bishop Gillis, of Edinburgh, having given what he believed to be these pistols to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, to be deposited in their Museum, an anonymous writer in the *Illustrated London News* of February 5, brought forward a letter from James Hastings, Liverpool, which stated confidently that Burns's pistols had come from Dr Maxwell to a friend of the writer, whose grandson had lately migrated to America, taking these relics along with him. The writer of the paragraph went on to say that neither of these pair of pistols was genuine. The real pistols given by Burns to Maxwell were bought in 1834 by Allan Cunningham, the poet, and are still in possession of the poet's widow. . . . Allan put them into a very handsome box, with a suitable inscription. Then he added, not very courteously, 'Will the Scottish Antiquaries continue to exhibit their newly acquired—treasure, shall we call it?' Dr Gillis has been induced to take some trouble in expounding the history of Burns's pistols, and by a most elaborate series of evidences,* has proved that both the pistols taken to America by Mr Hastings's friend, and the pair possessed by Allan Cunningham, were pairs bought at the sale of Dr Maxwell's effects in Dumfries in 1834, not as Burns's pistols at all, the latter, indeed, being a very common sort of pair, for which the price paid was no more than *fifteen shillings and sixpence!* He has equally proved that the actual pistols of Burns were reserved by Dr Maxwell from his sale, were brought by him to Edinburgh, and bequeathed to his friend Mr Menzies of Pitfodders, and are—not the pair given to the Society in January last—a wrong pair having been taken up by the bishop in mistake—but a pair now laid on their table—a treasure, we shall call it, which the Scottish Antiquaries mean to continue to exhibit as the Pistols of Burns, whatever resolution may be arrived at by the possessors of the other two pair.

IF I MIGHT BE A BIRD.

If I might be a bird, I'd be a lark,
And bathe my pinions in the early light,
Ere jealous Sol half draws the mantle dark
From off the shoulders of the jewelled Night.

I'd be a lark, that freedom-loving bird;
Lowly my nest, but high my crimson throne;
My passion-notes, with silent rapture heard
By spell-fixed list'ners on the breezy down.

I'd be a lark; his heart is aye in tune;
I've heard him carol on a winter's day,
Blithely as when the rosy arms of June
Clasped to her glowing breast the first-mown hay.

I'd be a lark, the laureat of the sky,
The visitor of violet fields above;
And, like him, never turn a scornful eye
Down on the meads that sheltered my true love.

J. E.

* A Paper on the Subject of Burns's Pistols. By the Right Rev. Bishop Gillis. Edinburgh: Marsh and Beattie. 1859.

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